

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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March 11, 1942



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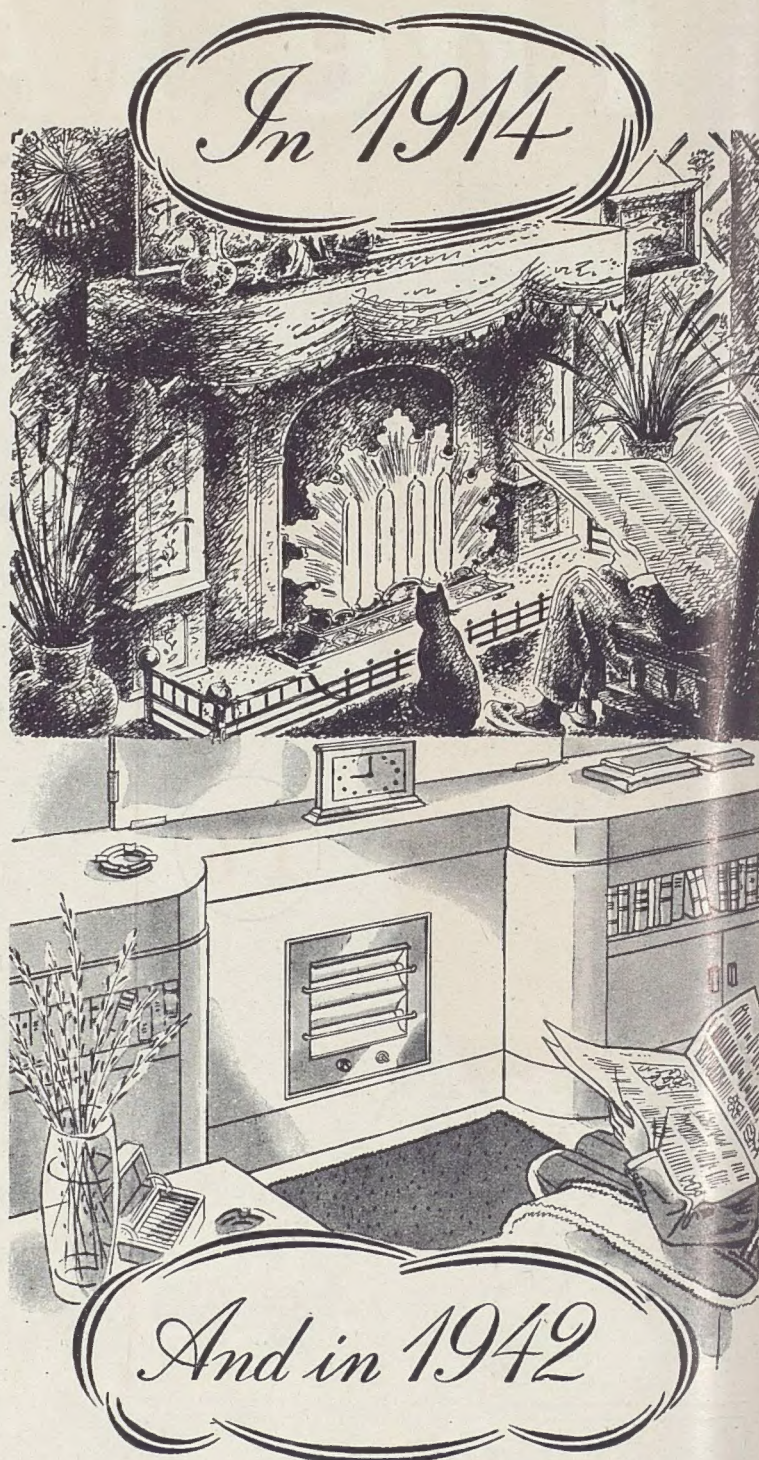
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LONDON
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Marcus Adams

The Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie and Her Son

The wife of the Hon. James Duthac Carnegie was before her marriage in 1935 Miss Claudia Katharine Angela Blackburn. She is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Lord Blackburn, a Judge of Court of Session in Scotland, and Lady Constance Blackburn, sister of the Earl of Strathmore and an aunt of the Queen. The Hon. James Carnegie is in the Black Watch, and is the youngest brother of the Earl of Southesk, who succeeded his father in November, 1941. The Carnegies have one son, Robin Andrew Duthac, who is five this year



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Reaction

PENAL servitude for black market dealers. Utility suits for all. Abolition of pleasure petrol. Cries of conscription for all. We are in a period of movement and vast changes and these are the signs. I would like to believe, and indeed I hope, that here we have the rebirth of a nation.

It is a long time back—more than five years—that Lord Caldecote, then Sir Thomas Inskip, blamed the years that the locusts had eaten for our backwardness in modern armaments and the machines to make them. Many politicians jeered at this biblical phrase, but few bothered to see if the locusts had eaten into anything else but our armaments. Now we know that the locusts had. Their activity in the years after the last war is the tale of our present reverses which reached a climax, but not necessarily the end, at Singapore. But here is the healthiest of all the signs and portents of this remarkable period in which we live. Men are beginning to ask questions, and to get a glimpse of visions which they had never before dreamed.

More Changes

THE Prime Minister has completed the reconstruction of his Government, which he undertook after great pressure, with the announcement of new Junior Ministers. Lady Astor, who has great vitality and plenty of plain political sense, has welcomed this response to democratic urge by a letter to *The Times*. She appeals for a period of political quietness, even by a long adjournment of the House of Commons, so that the new Government can get on with its increasingly heavy task unencumbered. Many will support her in this view, but few in the House of Commons will really agree. They know in the House of Commons, or should know, that the changes made by the Prime Minister are only part of

a bigger and more striking pattern which is now being woven by world events.

Obviously, the latest changes are not as sweeping as he intended they should be. Five Ministers have been fired, three Conservatives, one National Liberal and an Independent. Five Conservative back-benchers and one Socialist have been promoted to office for the first time. Political, as well as personal, considerations appear to have intervened and caused Mr. Churchill to hold his hand. This applies particularly to the Mines Department.

As it is, the most striking change made by Mr. Churchill is the transfer of Sir William Jowett from his legal duties as Solicitor-General to become Paymaster-General. In modern times this is a sinecure post without Cabinet rank and with no salary attached to it, but Sir William is to receive a Cabinet Minister's stipend of £5,000 a year for thinking about post-war reconstruction. I say *thinking*, for the Prime Minister believes that we should win the war before we plan to reconstruct the world. I think this is quite a healthy view to hold. But there are many, particularly on the Left Wing, who would like the new world to be ready before the old world has shaken off the war fetters which are almost strangling her.

Wavell's Travels

SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL has returned to India to resume his duties as Commander-in-Chief. This is an indication of fresh gravity. His appointment as Supreme Commander in the South-western Pacific was largely political and made at the behest of President Roosevelt. None can doubt that he did his utmost to build a defensive line against the Japanese, and none can regret its failure more than he does himself.

No British commander has ever been called upon to organise so many desperate campaigns

in so many theatres of war; and at a time when war moves with a swiftness undreamed of. Some may see in General Wavell's switchback military commands a reflection of Whitehall's war plan, or should we say lack of it?

Reputation

GENERAL WAVELL's reputation does not seem to suffer by his peregrinations. Long ago the Germans, who are good military judges, declared that he was the only General the British Army possessed: he was first-class. Most military men think that, but not all the politicians and those who have power and no responsibility. I repeat, one day we shall know why General Wavell was moved from the Middle East and who was responsible for his movement.

This brings me to an interesting development which is only in its early stage, but which I believe will grow. There is a demand that General Wavell should be brought home and made Minister of Defence. The argument is that he has matched himself against the foe on the field of battle, he has moved more than any of our statesmen and, above all, he has the character and courage of a great man. His philosophy, which is known to his friends so well, and his public utterances confirm this. But we are not likely to see General Wavell back home yet awhile. The time is not ripe for this . . . but we are in a period of change, maybe convulsive change.

Australian Hero

MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON BENNETT, after escaping from Singapore, reported to General Wavell at Java, and has now got back to Australia. As was to be expected he has spoken frankly on the Singapore surrender, and condemned the tactics which lost Malaya. In his brusque Australian way he has urged the abandonment of "1918 text book methods." Above all, he has learned that it is hopeless to underestimate an enemy.

He blames the British (presumably in Singapore) for what he describes as this universal fault. To Australians he courageously cries that they need have no fear of the Japs if they will learn the lessons of Malaya. He proclaims that war policy should be attack, attack, attack. In this he was echoing the views and feelings of many who have watched the growth of the Axis strength and the



Sir Andrew Duncan, the new Minister of Supply, and Lord McGowan were at a lunch given for Lord Nuffield, in recognition of his successful appeal for a memorial to the late Lord Austin. Sir Andrew Duncan, before his present appointment, was President of the Board of Trade



Two Luncheons and a Party at Grosvenor House

The British Federation of Business and Professional Women gave a Welcome-Home lunch to Miss Caroline Haslett, Adviser to the Ministry of Labour on Women's Training, on her return from touring Canada and the U.S.A. She is seen with Viscountess Astor, M.P., who presided at the party



At the St. David's Day lunch Petty Officer A. P. Herbert, M.P., sat beside the chairman, Mr. D. Owen Evans, M.P. for Cardiganshire. Mr. Herbert, who has no Welsh ancestors, asked: "Why am I here?" but thought it was due to his being the only person present to have written a Welsh hymn

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Greer Garson

the Screen Heroine of James Hilton's "Random Harvest"

Greer Garson, the lovely titian-haired Irish actress, is to co-star with Ronald Colman in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen adaptation of James Hilton's recently published novel, *Random Harvest*. Greer has just finished work on *Mrs. Miniver*, the story of the life of a typical British middle-class family against a background of war, in which she appears with Walter Pidgeon. *Mrs. Miniver* is also an adaptation, for it was originally written and published as a series of short stories by Jan Struther. After taking a B.A. degree with honours at London University, Greer Garson joined the Birmingham Repertory Company and in a short time was playing leading parts. Louis B. Mayer, the highest paid American citizen according to figures published over the last three years, was struck by her screen potentialities and persuaded her to go to Hollywood. It was, however, in this country that she eventually made her first picture, *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, with Robert Donat.

The Theatre

"Tales of Hoffmann" at The Strand

ARE you adventurous in your theatre-going? If so, here is a new experience which you should be quick to enjoy. If, on the other hand, you are a dyed-in-the-wool operatic conventionalist, then stay away from the Strand Theatre, because George Kirsta's fantascination of the familiar *Tales of Hoffmann* would make you very angry.

The first shock is to find Offenbach himself wandering in and out of his own opera, while the final surprise is that the whole action has taken place during a performance of *La Belle Hélène* conducted by the composer. The progression is both logical and legitimate, for did not Jules Barbier—the original librettist of *Tales of Hoffmann*—adopt the unusual course of making the poet Hoffmann a character in his own tales?

But Mr. Kirsta is not satisfied merely with enlarging the scope of the opera and extending Hoffmann's story by the addition of biographical detail. He wants, rightly, to fill his theatre. He does not need Sir Thomas Beecham to tell him that opera in English is usually a financial failure in England. What then? Why not ride on the rising tide of British interest in ballet? The very thing to point the symbolic moral and adorn an already fantastic tale.

THUS it is we find the Spirits of Wine and Beer dancing an alcoholic invocation to Laughter and Song before the prologue in Luther's tavern (with which the opera used to begin) and the Three Fates miming the tragic mood outside Giulietta's palace while she captures Hoffmann's mirrored reflection for the mysterious Dapertutto.

Surely, you would think, here is theatrical measure enough. Not for Mr. Kirsta. The three-hour traffic of the cinema must return to the stage at his generous behest. The symbolism of his new introduction wherein Offenbach presents his characters is matched by sophistication in a tail-piece—an excerpt from *La Belle Hélène*. The result is something for every one from Chelsea to Islington, from Covent Garden to the Windmill.

So much for the producer's intention. What of its achievement? By and large—how large it is must be seen to be believed—he succeeds. The production has delights for eye and ear. Mr. Kirsta's decor displays intelligent imagination. You may not always agree with his ideas. Venice by moonlight, for example, ought not to be drab in the never, never land of opera, particularly when it forms a setting for the only Barcarolle many people know. Here, if ever, *realism* should give place to *romance*. But you will not deny the triumph of economic invention which opens the several rooms of Crespel's house to full view without the usual suggestion that its façade had been removed by enemy action. His costumes show ingenuity in design, which may or may not have been dictated by coupon difficulties but there is no lack of colour—a fact which a little more light on the stage would quickly confirm.

THOSE for whom, in opera, music still takes pride of place, are not neglected despite insistence on decoration. The London Opera Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Susskind is an excellent instrument. Kindly and accommodating to the younger singers, yet bold and authoritative in its support of their more confident seniors, this orchestra is well found.

So long and exacting are the principal parts in this production that a double string of singers was deemed necessary. At the performance under review the second team was in the field, but an acquaintance of the first-night principals' capabilities may justify an occasional comparative reference. For example, a newly-arrived tenor like Mr. George Israel who played Hoffmann (Paris in *La Belle Hélène*) with an attractive grace, could hardly ascribe to the vocal competence of Mr. Henry Wendon with whom he alternates the dual role. He has, however, years and a pleasing presence on his side.

As Hoffmann is the victim as well as the creation of Offenbach, it is right that the singer of the latter part should also play Coppélius.



Giulietta: the lady with a mirror

Dapertutto and Dr. Miracle, the three evil genii of the tales. Mr. Ernest Urbach tackles the task with a malevolence some shades darker than that one imagines Mr. Percy Heming assumes. What is certain is that there are no other better singers of these character parts in this country.

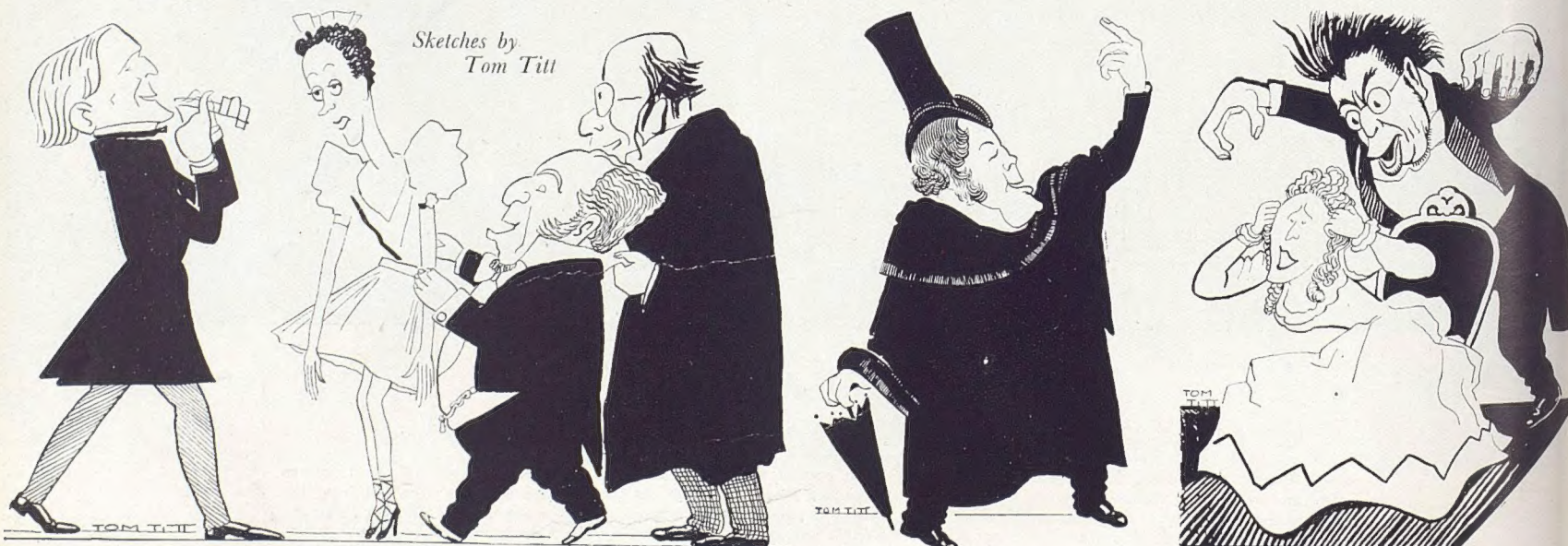
Antonia—the girl who inherits her mother's tuberculosis as well as her voice—is shared by Ruth Naylor and Hilde Zweig. What the former may have gained by strength of voice in the inheritance is offset in the latter by a more convincing assumption of the dreaded ailment.

THE most striking recruit to opera is undoubtedly Mr. Esme Percy. As an actor he has a deservedly high reputation. In this production he adds to it by playing six cameos in characterisation with all his wonted skill and singing a couple of arias in a style oddly reminiscent of the late Sir Henry Lytton in another sphere. In short, a triumph of artifice.

La Belle Hélène apart, the ballet provides a running commentary throughout the production. Mr. Frank Staff was responsible for the choreography, and came through the task of commenting without distracting with considerable credit. If fussiness was not invariably avoided, his corps de ballet rightly claimed our eyes while we lent the music our ears.

Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann* is the Albion Opera Company's first production. May it be heard in many more.

SIDNEY CHARTERIS



Hoffmann (Henry Wendon) falls in love with a doll (Joan Tribe), creation of Spalanzi (Werner Simon) and Coppélius (Percy Heming)

Menelaus (Esme Percy) in a happy mood

Doctor Miracle and his patient, Antonia (Percy Heming and Ruth Naylor)

Birthday Party

Pat Kirkwood Celebrates
Her Twenty-First



The birthday girl is congratulated by her business manager. When "Lady Behave" finishes its very successful run at His Majesty's, Jack Hylton is to present another show in which Pat and the same company will appear. (Pat Kirkwood and Jack Hylton)



Everyone wanted to sit next to Pat. Anyone who challenged Vic Oliver's right to be there was dealt with in no uncertain way. Big-hearted Arthur Askey, from the Palace, and Stanley Lupino, who plays Pat's husband in "Lady Behave," were two who tried to get Vic's chair. "Play the game, you fellows! That's all I ask—play the game!" mimicked Vic, with a sly look at Ben Lyon, another of the guests



"I'm using that one in 'Hi, Gang!'" Vic looks through "Big's" radio script for Sunday night's "Big Time"



Photographs by Swaebe

Jack Lister (Pat's husband and Jack Hylton's general manager) helped to receive the guests. Here he is with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, who came on to the party from "Gangway," at the Palladium

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

Royal Tour

THEIR MAJESTIES returned from their first provincial visit of the year considerably heartened by what they had seen in the Midlands.

It was an interesting, two-day programme which the King and Queen carried out, including visits to several vast and important war factories, a tremendous shell-filling factory, which comes under the Royal Ordnance Department, several big-scale parades of Civil Defence personnel, and a fire-fighting demonstration at Sutton Park, which must have seemed rather tame to the several thousands of people watching, most of whom had taken part in much more realistic affairs.

In attendance on the Queen throughout the tour was Lady Nunburnholme, one of the loveliest women in all London, and certainly one of the most elegant of the ladies who form the present Court. As Lady Mary Thynne, daughter of the Marquess of Bath, she was a famous beauty of the nineteen-twenties.

Tea was served to the royal party from one of the Queen's Messenger Service canteens, which her Majesty sent off with her blessing on their errand of mercy from Buckingham Palace to the blitzed areas a year ago. It was the first time the Queen had had personal experience of the work of the Service, and she had a long talk to Major A. H. S. Waters, V.C., about its work.

Historic Tradition

AT Sutton Coldfield, which is a Royal Borough dating back for many centuries, the King was shown some of the original documents connected with the Charter granted by one of his remote ancestors, and another link with the past came on the following day, when their Majesties were attended by the Earl of Lichfield, as High Steward of Stafford, carrying his white, five-foot stave of office, surmounted with a silver crown.

Colonel H.R.H.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH's appointment as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards is the very first official post to be assigned to her, and the regiment is very proud of the honour done to it. Plans for the new royal Colonel's first visit of inspection to her regiment are naturally in the air because of wartime difficulties, but the Princess is most anxious to hold a parade at the earliest possible moment, as soon as she can secure the consent of her father, who is Colonel-in-Chief. This, by the way, is a good opportunity to clear up a common misunderstanding about the Brigade. The King, by unvarying tradition, is Colonel-in-Chief of all the Guards regiments, each of which has its own separate Colonel in addition, as well as the active serving officer in command. The Duke of Gloucester, for example, is Colonel of the Scots Guards, and Field-Marshal Lord Cavan is Colonel of the Irish Guards.

Whether the King intends the appointment to mark the start of public life for his daughter remains to be seen, but there are hopes that, at any rate, the Heiress-Presumptive may be seen about more frequently in the coming months. His Majesty is most anxious that Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret shall be left free to enjoy a natural life as long as possible, but with her sixteenth birthday coming along next month—it is April 21st—the Princess has only two years more before she, as a Royalty, comes of age legally, at eighteen.

New Duties

TO the Duke of Gloucester have gone several of the other appointments held by his great-uncle, the Duke of Connaught, whom Princess Elizabeth succeeds in the Grenadiers. He is the new Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, and Colonel-in-Chief of several of the Duke's old regiments.

There is something specially fitting about

this succession, because, like his great-uncle, the Duke of Gloucester has always made the Army his career, and the old Duke was never more pleased than when he heard of his nephew's popularity and efficiency as an officer. Many of the military relics and souvenirs in the Duke's collection go, I understand, under his will, to his nephew, as the "military member" of the Royal Family.

Before the war, the Duke's friends occasionally heard him complain of the round of ceremonial and social duties involved by his position as the next senior male member of the Royal Family to the King, which forced him to give up his life with the Hussars. Since the war, he has thrown himself so completely and wholeheartedly into Army life again that his visits to London in two years and a half number less than a dozen all told!

In London

THE Duchess of Rutland has been making one of her all-too-rare visits to Town and came up to see her sons, who were on leave. She stayed with her sister, Lady Colquhoun, at her house in Eaton Place, as her own house has been uninhabitable since one of the blitzes—and it was such a pretty house, too! It had a sky-blue front door, and that pretty colour was a sort of leitmotiv right through, even including the hall carpet. The Duchess was in London during the cold spell and looked very cosy and warm in her long mink coat and a small black hat, for she is still in mourning for her husband. Belvoir Castle has been emptied and she lives in a small house near by. Belvoir was built early in 1800, and has no historical tradition like Haddon Hall.

Rendez-vous

THE Dorchester is quite a meeting-place for well-known people. A few days ago, while waiting for lunch, the Marquess of Carisbrooke passed through, very slim in his R.A.F. uniform. The Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, who is so seldom in London these days, was also there. It is good news to learn that she hopes to be settling in Town again—in fact, just as soon as she can find a home she likes. She was still wearing mourning for her mother, Mrs. Monroe Hinds, who died recently at the venerable age of ninety-one. Mother and daughter were devoted to each other and lived together since Lady Curzon left the mansion in Carlton House Terrace where she used to entertain so largely during the lifetime



Harlip

Miss Gundreda Margaret Graham-Jones announced her engagement in January to Lieut. Alastair Graham, M.C., the Green Howards, second son of the late Sir Guy Graham, Bt., and Katharine Lady Graham, of Norton Conyers, Ripon, Yorks. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham-Jones, of Bockhampton House, Dorchester, Dorset



Three Interesting Engagements

Miss Iona McClean, younger daughter of Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, Henley-on-Thames, and Cranmer Court, Sloane Avenue, S.W., is engaged to Captain Lord Carrington, Grenadier Guards, of Millaton, Bridestowe, Devonshire



Harlip

Miss Janet Lister and Captain the Hon. Edward D. H. Astley, Coldstream Guards, are to be married in April. He is Lord and Lady Hastings's elder son and she is the only daughter of Canon and Mrs. J. G. Lister, of the Vicarage, Wendover, Bucks.



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The Christening of the Duke of Kent's Godson

Nicholas James Christopher, son of Lieut. John Arthur Lowther, M.V.O., R.N.V.R., and Mrs. Lowther, was christened at Little Sonborne Church, in Hampshire. Lieut. Lowther is Private Secretary to the Duke of Kent, who is the baby's godfather. In the picture are the Hon. Mrs. Thomas Davies, godmother, Lieut. and Mrs. Lowther, with their daughter and the baby, Mr. B. Hervey Bathurst, godfather, Mr. R. Lowther, Miss R. Lowther, Mrs. R. E. Lambert, grandmother

of her late husband when he was Foreign Secretary. Viscountess Esher was another passing through, and so was Princess Romanoffsky-Pavlofsky (better remembered as Lady "Mamie" Lygon), with her Peke, Pretty Boy. She was busy seeing about rooms with Madame Chapognitch, of the Yugoslav Legation, whose coat of Siberian pony-skin was very unusual.

Luncheon

A BIG lunch was given by the Inter-Parliamentary Union to the Polish Prime Minister, General Sikorski. Members of the Governments of countries all over the world belong to the Union, which used to have annual meetings in different capitals. Now that that is no longer possible, there is a plan to give luncheons to the various Governments now in this country, of which this was the first.

There was a large and representative crowd; various nationalities, M.P.'s, diplomats, energetic war workers, and interesting people of all sorts.

They included Mr. Drexel Biddle, M. and Mme. Bogomolov, Lord Iliffe, Lord Barnby, Lord Hirst, M. and Mme. Jasper, from the Belgian Embassy; Mrs. Leslie Gamage, in uniform; Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys—she is getting quite a look of her father, the Prime Minister—Lord and Lady Sempill, Sir Thomas and Lady Moore, Lady Hamilton, and many more.

Lord Cranborne was to have taken the chair, but was prevented at the last moment; so Colonel Arthur Evans deputised for him, and made a speech. General Sikorski spoke in Polish, and other speakers were H. Strassburger, Mr. Noel Baker, and Mr. Drexel Biddle.

Offenbach Afternoon

"THE TALES OF HOFFMAN," mixture of opera and ballet, started with a charity matinee.

The King of Norway was there, and Admiral Sir Aubrey Smith introduced Admiral Lord Chatfield, who made a speech in which he referred to Mr. Randolph Churchill's indictment

of him as a "Munich man," and said that if that meant his approval of this country being given a year of grace in which to prepare itself, he was proud of the name.

W.R.N.S. sold the programmes, and children of the Royal Merchant Navy formed a guard of honour. The Duke of Kent was President, and the King a patron. Costumes were by Katjakrassin, whose late father was the first Soviet Ambassador to England.

In the audience were Baroness de Rutzen, Sir George and Lady Franckenstein, Mrs. June de Trafford, Miss Joan Haslip, and Mrs. Rupert Inledon-Webber.

Lunching

RECENT gay lunchers out include Lady Cadogan, who was a Yarde-Buller, one of Lord Churston's sisters, and a daughter of Mrs. Theodore Wessel, lunching with Anne Lady Ebury, whose former husband has just married Miss Denise Yarde-Buller.

(Continued on page 344)



A Ross-shire Wedding

The marriage of Captain John Alexander Lochore, eldest son of Sir James and Lady Lochore, of Chearsley Hill, Aylesbury, and Miss Hazel Mary Brooke took place on Saturday, February 21st, at St. Andrew's Church, Tain. The bride is the youngest daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Brooke, of Midfearn, Ross-shire. Both the bridegroom and his best man, Captain John McCulloch, are in the Seaforth Highlanders. In the photograph, with the bride and bridegroom and the best man, are the three bridesmaids, Miss Jean Lochore, Miss Gillian Mitford and Miss A. Duff



Two and a Reflection

Major C. Bosson and Miss Susan Winn sat back to the mirror at the Landsdowne one night. Major Bosson is the son of the M.P. for Maidstone, and Miss Winn is the younger daughter of the Hon. Lady Baillie by her first marriage to the Hon. Charles Winn, brother of Lord St. Oswald. Miss Winn's elder sister married the Hon. Edward Ward, one of Lord Dudley's twin brothers, in 1940



Three at the Landsdowne

Swabe

Dining out together were Sub-Lieut. Mairion Garnsey, Miss June Willock and Lieut. Roger Keyes, younger son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes. Miss Willock is Air Vice-Marshal Willock's only daughter, and she has appeared on the stage and screen under the name of Diana Yorke. Mr. Garnsey is the son of the late Sir Gilbert Garnsey



Act 1. At the Home of Olympia, Hoffmann's First Love

Spalanzani (Werner Simon), a constructor of ingenious automata; and Coppélius (Percy Heming), the mad optician, whose features are those of Offenbach, have between them created a doll, a "sweet child" who can sing and dance. She is named Olympia. Hoffmann (Henry Wendon), wearing magic spectacles, hears Olympia sing and falls madly in love. They dance until Hoffmann falls exhausted. The spectacles are broken: the dream ended



Act 2. At the Venetian Palace of Giulietta

Tricked by Giulietta (Molly de Gunst), his second love, Hoffmann gazes into the magic mirror. Thereafter he is in the evil power of Dapertutto (Percy Heming), whose features are again those of Offenbach, and whose strange hobby it is to collect human shadows and mirrored reflections

The Loves of Hoffmann

George Kirsta's Conception of Jacques
Offenbach's Famous Opera

The story of Hoffmann's three loves, as told by Offenbach, is well known. In George Kirsta's production, the settings are devised to convey a sense of unreality as the story unfolds itself as a tale told by Hoffmann, the poet and drunkard, to the students and friends who gather round in Luther's tavern. His first love, Olympia, the doll, is followed by Giulietta, the courtesan, and finally by Antonia, the singer. The production, reviewed on page 326, ends with an excerpt from the opera-ballet, *La Belle Hélène*. George Kirsta, the producer, is responsible for decor and costumes throughout. Frank Staff is the choreographer, and Walter Susskind the musical director and conductor

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Act 2. A Scene From the Ballet

The Fates dance in the Palace of Giulietta. The principal dancers are Frank Staff and Sara Luzita



Hoffmann Fights for His Second Love

Hoffmann and Schlemil fight for the love of Giulietta. Watched by Giulietta and by the mysterious Dapertutto, Hoffmann and Schlemil (Howard Fry) fight for the love of the lady. Schlemil, the man without a shadow, is killed in the duel. Hoffmann finds out that Giulietta has betrayed him to Dapertutto, and his love for her dies



Act 3 (Part 1.) Hoffmann's Third and Last Love

Antonia (Ruth Naylor) is the daughter of one Crespel (Julius Gutmann). Her mother was a famous singer, but died of lung trouble, after treatment by a Dr. Miracle. Antonia has inherited not only her mother's voice, but with it her weakness. Crespel is determined not to let her sing, as the effort might kill her. He is afraid of Hoffmann, who loves Antonia, and unsuccessfully tries to keep the young couple apart



The Temptation of Antonia

Dr. Miracle (once more the features are those of Offenbach) forces his way into the house of Crespel. He is determined that Antonia shall die as her mother did. He knows he has only to encourage her to sing. Under his magic, her mother's portrait which hangs against the wall comes to life; her mother's voice bids her sing. Antonia is afraid; the temptation to sing is great



"It's All Wrong. I Miss the Card"

Franz (Esme Percy), the old deaf servant of Crespel, has little to do with his time these days. His chief duty is to see that Dr. Miracle does not get into the house and talk to Antonia. All day long he plays cards, but the cards won't come out for him



The Death of Antonia

Under the evil influence of Dr. Miracle, and the overwhelming power of her mother's voice, Antonia bursts into song. The strain is too great for her lungs. As her mother died before her, so Antonia dies—singing. Triumphant; Dr. Miracle stands by. Once again he has frustrated Hoffmann's love

● Pictures of the Opera-Ballet "La Belle Hélène" will appear in "The Tatler and Bystander" shortly

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

COMPULSORY education, jazz, the B.B.C., the films, the internal-combustion engine, and other civilising influences have so successfully stamped out colour and individuality in the Island Race, leaving it one amorphous mass of greyish dough, that the persistence of that eminent Sussex figure W. W. Grantham, K.C., Recorder of Rye, just deceased, in wearing the ancient white Sussex smock not only in London but while travelling abroad always seemed to us thoroughly delightful.

Lord Ashbourne invariably wore a saffron Irish kilt in Paris and London, but to go about in a smock puzzles the hamfaced populace still more, barring the merrie-merrie ladies in garden suburbs who practise folk-dancing. The French and Belgian peasantry in some provinces wear a black smock, but a rubicund English K.C. in a white one would mean nothing in their lives, we guess, though they'd keep a wary finger on the trigger all the same. The more keen-witted London citizenry probably assumed that Mr. Grantham was advertising some new chemical all-British milk-substitute made by German Jews in Houndsditch, and let it go at that.

Meditation

THE smock is such a clumsy and inefficient garment, technically considered, that its long vogue among the hayseeds seems

odd. In every humble, fragrant phase of rural activity, ploughing, arson, sheep-shearing, infanticide, reaping, murder, milking, criminal assault, poultry-keeping, bigamy, threshing, blackmail, and so forth, it must have got in the way. Maybe that was the idea.

Check

SCHIZOPHRENIA, or split-mind, is now being cured in British hospitals by an electrical treatment invented in Italy, doctors announce.

One more blow at the booksy racket, if it succeeds, it seems to us. No more Jekyll-and-Hyde stuff, perhaps. No more variations, please God, on the multiple-personality stuff of Pirandello, whereby nobody is what he seems to be and everybody is somebody else (which is possibly true, in a way, but in the hands of Slogger Pirandello and his disciples becomes so insufferably boring an idea that nobody wants to be anybody). The booksy boys will now have to fasten on to something more exciting than schizophrenia, but as Science is always ready to oblige that shouldn't be difficult. Nor does it matter that Science is always taking a toss. Zola, for example, cashed in largely on the heredity theory while the going was good. Freud (Sex) and Dunne (Time) have yielded



MAURICE McLAUGHLIN.

"... and here's Timoschenko's counter-offensive"

good dividends lately. Hurry up and discover something about the soul, Professor Owlglass.

The chap who turns into a werewolf in *The Golden Ass* is our favourite schizophrenia. It was healthier fun to lollop round howling at full moon and scare the pants off the aborigines than to be a Jack the Ripper, whose favourite sport seems to us un-English. Though Heaven knows the Ripper was only "expressing" himself, conformably with the smartest modern educational ideal. Tell Mumsie next term's fees are up by £150, owing to darling Victor's having sawn his form-master in half in a petulant mood.

Enigma

OVERCOMING unmanly shrinkings and switching on to a Brains Trust show recently, we found to our delight the courageous, hairy, and passionate Welch our kinsmen, discussing with great fire as usual matters of world-import, such as the question whether Monmouthshire is more Welch than English, or vice versa.

Alas! Just as a voice cried in a *hwy!* of ecstasy that the greatest poet of the last century (if we recollect rightly) was Welch and born in Monmouthshire, the B.B.C. boys cut heartlessly off, leaving our old Celtic blood tingling with query. Was it a Mr. Jones or a Mr. Griffiths? Or Mrs. Yscrwgydd ("Dinty") Rhys the Gas? Some reverend Druid, doubtless, we thought, tripping round in his prehistoric green nightie designed by Von Herkomer, with his black Sunday pants peeping decorously underneath. An impressive sight, especially at the last Gorsedd, when the full ceremonial was carried out and a Mrs. Watkins sacrificed to the gods in a mistletoe grove, nestling in a wicker basket and looking pretty confused when they cut her throat.

Tribute

WHATEVER the turbulent Welch Nationalist caucus has failed to do, it has at least placed those dear old native pagan rites at last on a proper footing. It only remains for the Archdruid, instead of waving the Gorsedd Sword and replacing it, to plunge it vigorously into the heart of some rival pulpit ace ("Je te salue, heureuse et profitable Mort"—Ronsard) while a fine male voice choir 1500 strong breaks sonorously into Professor Evans's choral ode, "Gwffryddw y Rhyddwrch" ("Tell Mrs. Prytherch the Postoffice Not To Grieve"). We're surprised the archest

(Concluded on page 334)



Anton

"That will be £1,500 for the solitaire and 9d. to cover postage and packing"

R.A.F. Personalities

Pilots, Pianist and Painter



D. R. Stuart

Wing-Com. Percy C. Pickard, D.S.O., D.F.C., is already famous as the hero of "Target for To-night" and for his many real, and far more hazardous, adventures in the air. He was once more in the news as the leader of the R.A.F. carrying force which transported the parachute troops on their successful raid on Bruneval. Ming, his dog, who often flies with his master, congratulated him on his recent adventure.

This picture shows Squadron Leader Lord David Douglas-Hamilton chatting to Flight Lieut. Bill Douglas, one of the pilots of the original No. 603 (City of Edinburgh) Squadron, which took part in air battles early in the war. Lord David, who is in the R.A.F.V.R., is the youngest brother of the Duke of Hamilton, the Air Training Corps Commandant for Scotland.



Mr. Roy Nockolds, the famous aeroplane artist, promised Pilot Officer Ian McRüchie that he would paint a picture of his first "kill," and his canvas shows the Australian pilot's running fight with four Junkers 88's, and the resulting crash of one of them. Pilot-Officer McRüchie, who comes from Melbourne, was flying a Defiant at the time, and is seen explaining to the artist how it happened.



Flight Lieut. John Hunt, the well-known pianist, was painted by Olive Snell. John Hunt, who joined the R.A.F. in 1940, made his recital debut in London in 1930 with three pianoforte concerts, and his first appearance in orchestra, under Dr. Malcolm Sargent, was in 1931 at a London Museum concert. In his free time from R.A.F. duties he often plays for his fellow pilots, and manages to fit in broadcasts for the B.B.C. as well.

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Druid of all made no emotional reference to this when he emerged from his Surrey retreat to address the world on St. David's Day.

Caffe

A RECENT performance in Russian of *She Stoops to Conquer* at Kuibyshev has led a Russian critic to stress "the similarity of outlook and mutual understanding" between Russians and British, which maybe shows that Russian dramatic critics like our own boys are apt to talk at large through their fur caps.

Simple, chunky in both countries fun apart (compare *Dead Souls*, or *The Inspector-General*), our point is that Slogger Goldsmith's rather lengthy joke—from which the citizenry kept away in large numbers, we noticed, when it was revived recently at the Kingsway—is about a chap who mistakes a gentleman's country house for an inn; a laughable error most chaps and most playwrights (and most gentlemen) would put right in about five minutes. It

went over big in eighteenth-century London, we guess, because the eighteenth century was drunk and could do that sort of thing.

If the Russians really believe the British still go blundering into strange country houses at all hours and stamping round and gaily ordering this and that, somebody surely ought to tell 'em about the hellish difficulties of getting into the modern English inn, for a start?

Tishoo

WHEN the Roman poet's friend Septimius, holding in his arms the lovely Acme, addressed that sweetheart in no unfavourable terms, Love (as you remember) gave them the Lucky Sneeze on the right, on the left, and apparently on the right again. This means that about 3600 infectious bacteria-carrying particles were inhaled by these lovers within the next half hour, if the Horder Committee's remarks on sneezing in air-raid shelters are correct.

Sneezes have been recently photographed by the medical boys—an extremely dainty one labelled "D" we recognised at once as a typical little West End actress's performance. This would have interested Septimius and Acme, who had well-shaped Roman



"No, Cuthbert, my mind is made up"

snozzles and probably enjoyed a sneeze for its own sake. It would also have interested them; we guess, to see wizened Anglo-Saxon dons poring anxiously over their amorous gambols and debating the exact number of Love's sneezes, thus:

I follow Professor Gumboil's reading, *Journ. of Comp. Phil.* xlv, 156 et seq. See also Professor Prune's note, *ibid.*, 189, n. Professor Jazberry prefers Rumbelgütz' reading (*Beiträge zum Erotikproblem*, 189-99) of one sneeze and a half between kisses. See also Tagueule, Mubble, Pewke, and Towser, *loc. cit.* (etc.).

Footnote

REMINING one of Yeats's satiric lines about academic bald-heads who

Edit and annotate the lines
That young men, tossing on their beds,
Rhymed out in love's despair
To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

We didn't rush to buy an original studio photograph of that little actress's sneeze, incidentally, a connoisseur of modern photographic art having advised us that there will shortly be on the market a fine Beaton-esque study of Garbo's left tonsil reflected in a bowl of Chinese ink.

Ghost

THAT woman's voice saying "Oh, dear!" which broke into a Regional programme the other night was explained by an anxious announcer as a technical hitch due to crossed lines. It was, of course, nothing of the sort. Our spies at Broadcasting House report as follows:

1. It is the Voice of the Island Race, complaining meekly not only of this or that B.B.C. item, but the whole box of tricks;
2. It belongs actually to the ghost of a Mrs. Hargreaves, murdered by a Talks don in 1935;
3. In Douce Aunt Ogilvie's time it used to drift in and sit for hours on his knee for comfort, whimpering; rather embarrassing, but typically Barrie;
4. It must not be confused with the ghost of the sailor Spike Mullins, which rolls round Broadcasting House hoarsely accusing the B.B.C. of spreading scurvy and Yellow Jack, and terrifying the more willowy and mauve-jumpered inmates to death.

On meeting Mrs. Hargreaves's mild ghost in the corridors, our spies add, the B.B.C. boys bend gracefully back and sideways, like daffodils in the wind, pirouette twice, blow a kiss, and hasten to resume their entrancing duties.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"That old road to Chungking weren't arf as good as this 'un"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

The New Archbishop of Canterbury

The Right Hon. and Most Rev. William Temple, Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England, has been nominated by the King to take the place of the Right Hon. the Most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang, as Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, as from March 31st. Dr. Lang, who is seventy-seven years of age, announced his resignation to the full Synod of the Convocation of Canterbury on January 21st, so that a younger man may prepare now for the "great tasks of reconstruction" which await the Church, as well as the State, when the war is over. Dr. Temple is seventeen years Dr. Lang's junior. He has been Archbishop of York since 1929 and is the son of a former Archbishop of Canterbury. Ordained in 1909, from 1910 to 1921 was Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was Headmaster of Repton for four years from 1910 and later became rector of St. James's, Piccadilly. He was Hon. Chaplain to the King from 1915 to 1921, appointed Canon of Westminster in 1919 and Bishop of Manchester in 1921



Lombard With the Lubitsch Touch. As the Glamorous Maria of the Teatr Polski She Dazzles the Polish Pilots



One of the Pilots Persuades Maria to Go for a Ride in His Bomber

Husband and Wife: Joseph and Maria Tura (Jack Benny and Carole Lombard)

Miss Carole Lombard died tragically early this year, when the Douglas 'plane in which she was travelling, crashed into the precipitous mountainous area of Las Vegas, New Mexico. She had just completed *To Be or Not to Be*, an original story by Ernst Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel of a bunch of "ham" actors of the Teatr Polski, Warsaw, who are playing *Hamlet* when the Germans invade their city, and are forced to play real-life characters far more exciting than any they have ever played in the theatre. Jack Benny, the American stage and screen comedian, is co-starred with Carole Lombard. The picture is on its way across the Atlantic now, and Alexander Korda, the producer, has announced that, in all probability, its title will be changed before it is shown in this country. Carole Lombard was married to Clark Gable in 1939. At the time of her death, Gable was working on his latest picture, *Somewhere I'll Find You*. Shooting was suspended, and it was said that he would never finish the picture. He has, however, resumed work at the studios during the last two weeks



Carole

Ernst

*The Nazi C
Benny's four*

Lombard's Last Picture

ubitsch's "To Be Or Not To Be"
A Hilarious Melodrama



one of Jack Benny's roles in the picture



"To be or not to be; that is the question": Jack Benny's interpretation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, Prince of Denmark



One of the Last Pictures Taken of Carole Lombard Before Her Tragic Death

The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt

With Richard Henry and Mrs. Boo



Mrs. Boo Begs Her Mistress to Play Ball

The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt, who was Zara Mainwaring, younger daughter of the late Sir Harry Mainwaring, married Lord Belper's son and heir in 1940. Their son, Richard Henry, was born on October 21st last year, in Arundel Castle, the home of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. The Duchess of Norfolk is Captain Ronald Strutt's only sister, and her own baby daughter, Sarah, was born in the Castle just a month before Richard Henry arrived. Mrs. Strutt is a Red Cross nurse. Her wartime home is near Elstree, but while her husband is away on war service with the Coldstream Guards, she spends much of her time with her sister-in-law at Arundel Castle

*Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



Mrs. Ronald Strutt and Richard Henry. Richard is Wearing the Christening Robe Once Worn by the Iron Duke of Wellington



Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt and Her Photogenic Pug, Mrs. Boo



The Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux and Her Son

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux is the widow of the late Hon. Robert Godfrey de Bohun Devereux, only son of the 17th Viscount Hereford. She was Miss Audrey Meakin, daughter of the late Mr. James Meakin, of Westwood Manor, Staffordshire, and her marriage took place in 1923. Her son, Milo, who is heir to his grandfather, is ten years old, and her daughter, Bridget, one year older. Mrs. Devereux, whose home is Hampton Green Park, Leominster, is vice-president of the St. John Ambulance Brigade for the county of Herefordshire

Photographs by
Yevonde





D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Searchlight Training Regiment Somewhere in England

Front row: Capt. L. W. Newey, W. H. J. Harrington, P. Peatling, M. A. Hebb, Majors S. C. Coley, F. Bullen, the Commanding Officer, Capt. J. Hamilton Fleming (Adjutant), Majors the O'Donovan, C. Hosken, Capt. P. E. G. Heffer, A. E. Plumridge, W. Broderick. Middle row: Lieut. J. A. Price, M.M., 2nd Lieuts. R. A. Wiggins, B. M. G. Hudson, Capt. N. C. Sutcliffe, A.D. Corps, 2nd Lieut. W. E. Clought, Lieut. H. B. Bishop, Rev. D. J. Hawker, C.F. Back row: 2nd Lieuts. L. B. T. Stallwood, R. Hopkins, A. T. Harris-Temple, F. J. Whittall, A. P. H. Lousada, E. A. Speirs, J. F. Rusdell, N. A. King, H. E. Newman, R. B. Turnbull, E. W. S. Curtis, R.S.M., R. H. Symes



On Holiday in England

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alan Cunningham has been enjoying a quiet holiday in England since he returned from Egypt some little time ago. Sir Alan commanded the Eighth Army at the start of the Libyan offensive last November. He is a brother of Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, C.-in-C., Mediterranean. It was Sir Alan who greeted the Emperor Haile Selassie in Addis Ababa after the Emperor's triumphal return to the Abyssinian capital on May 5th last year

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

With the Gloves Off

THROUGHOUT her fine war service, H.M.S. Trident has completely belied the little suggestion concealed in her name. She prefers it with what are called the "raw-uns," and obviously has no intention of trying any glove-maker, no matter how eminent he may be. She packs a punch in both fists. She may not have sent her latest victim down for the count, but she has caused her to go to her corner very groggy. When they are that way, they don't take much finishing.

Stand to Your Horses

THE quite astounding achievements of the Russian cavalry in the Eastern war must necessarily make some people wonder whether the almost complete mechanisation of our horse

regiments in the British Army has not been a bit premature. Picking one of many recent reports quite at random, we read—

One of our cavalry units operating in a sector of the Kalinin front, in seven days' fighting, destroyed three German aeroplanes, eight guns and 150 lorries containing war supplies. The cavalymen captured 42 enemy motor-cycles, 10 machine-guns, 153 army rifles, and wiped out 800 officers and men.

The same units also managed to bring off a nice little bit of horse-stealing, for they stamped several hundreds of German horses and drove them before them back to the Russian lines. Nice work, comrades! The curious thing about all this is that it was done in deep snow, which had completely anchored the mechanised "cavalry." I do not suppose that any cavalry soldier will be surprised at these brilliant

performances by modern cavalry handled as the cavalry knew it could be handled if circumstances gave it any sort of a chance; but what will, and does, astound a good many of us is how they kept their horses on their legs. Snow, balling in a horse's feet, brings him down like a shot rabbit.

Bletsoe's Butter

THERE is just a chance, of course, that the Russian cavalry commander may be doing what Mr. Bletsoe did to Grudon's feet before the Grand National of 1901, which was run in a real blizzard. When the Stewards decided, in spite of protests, that it was possible to run the race over a snow-covered course, with fences that looked like icebergs, Mr. Bletsoe sent off to a grocer's shop and got a couple of pounds of butter. He then thoroughly dosed the insides of Grudon's hoofs, and the result was that he was the only horse in the race that was not sliding and slipping all over the course; the snow got no grip on the grease, and Grudon, who was ridden by Arthur Nightingall, won in a canter, only 8 out of the 24 finishing. That was, however, a very good percentage, considering what the conditions were. Grudon was one of the select band of entires who have won the great chase, and, like the others, jumped very big over those most unpleasant Aintree raspers. That is why there is a prejudice against entires

The New G.O.C. Egypt and His Wife

At the beginning of last month Colonel (temp. Major-General) R. G. W. H. Stone was appointed G.O.C. British troops in Egypt with the acting rank of Lieutenant-General. General Stone served throughout the European War in France as a regimental officer and on the Staff. He was awarded the D.S.O. and M.C. This picture of General and Mrs. Stone was taken recently in Cairo



University Women Beat Royal Naval Engineering College

The Oxford University Women's hockey team beat the Royal Naval Engineering College, Devonport, by 5 goals to 3. L. to r., back row: S/Lt. Cunningham, Lts. Nash, Halley, Russell, S/Lt. Sandford, Lt.-Cdr. Sir John Walsham (captain), Lt. Ferrier, S/Lts. Macbeth, Morgan, Simmonds. Girls standing back row: M. Wilder, M. de Putron, M. Weeks, Josephine Russell Vick (captain), M. Walker. Kneeling: M. Beardsworth, A. Evans, S/Lt. Braunton, Lt. Morgan, S/Lt. Macintosh, M. Burch, P. Scaddan, A. Tucker, C. Perks

D. R. Stuart





The Medical Staff of an R.A.F. Hospital

Back row: Sq. Ldrs. D. W. MacLean, H. R. Arthur, Wing Coms. J. C. Ainsworth-Davis, K. Robson, Sq. Ldrs. A. H. Stewart-Wallace, R. F. Wynroe.
Middle row: Flt. Lieuts. J. Evans, A. McDougall, Sq. Ldr. J. P. Sewell, Flg. Off. A. J. C. Sinclair, Sq. Ldr. A. R. Agate, Flt. Lieut. F. E. Joules, A.S.O. M. M. Bottomley
Front row: Sq. Ldrs. M. Wozkonowicz, B. J. E. Anson, W. D. Coltart, M. N. Phillips, the Commanding Officer, Wing Com. I. MacKay, Flg. Offs. J. B. Lowe, H. S. Boyce, Sq. Ldr. T. H. Harding

over that course in particular: they are apt to beat themselves jumping to escape scratching.

Cold Steel

WE are indebted to a Cossack officer, who broadcast to us the other evening, for the information that the Russian cavalry have done some of their nicest work with their sabres, and prefer using them to the other weapons with which they are provided.

From the Russian officer's account of things, and also from diaries found on German leaders, the enemy cannot abide the cold steel! Good judge! For it can be most convincing in the hands of an expert. From information, and judging by photographs, the Cossack cavalry is armed with a curved weapon not very unlike the tulwar, a curved sword common in India. A first-class cutting instrument, and not too curved to make it useless as a thrusting one. Just before our horsed cavalry was abolished, the powers-as-be ceased to believe in the sword as a cutting implement, and substituted a long, skewer-like thing not very dissimilar from the épée, or duelling sword. It was claimed that a really agile cavalryman had a longer reach with it than a lancer had with his lance—that high-class implement for shock tactics or pursuit, but the not-so-handy a thing in a mêlée, the close combat which naturally ensues after the first impact. The old straight sword, with which British

cavalry used to be armed, was not only a very good cut-and-thrust tool, but was heavy enough to make anyone who got a clout from it not at all anxious for a second dose. It was held to be a heftier thrusting weapon than the curved kind, but not quite so good for slicing off people's heads. As so few people have sliced off any heads excepting the dummy ones at assaults-at-arms, which you could easily do with even a carving-knife, I do not know whether any finality was ever reached, but I should think that the conclusion arrived at by the experts was very probably correct. Anyway, the Hogs seem to loathe the Cossacks' curved sword. The "snicker-snee" has a most fascinating history, and we can afford to cut out all the bilge which has been written about it and still find some enjoyable light reading. By "bilge" I mean the song-writer's stuff in "The Warrior Bold" and such-like. After braying about "I've kep' the veow I swore," he jolly well deserved to end up with his nose all tipped with gore. Wasn't that what he got? Anyway, serve him right for making so much noise about it.

The Cat and Banjo

THE amusing side of the present Russian cavalry operations, which have so disconcerted the Hun, resides in the fact that they are of the kind in which the concoctors of German

regulations governing cavalry warfare did not believe, or about which their pundits, all bar one, were very lukewarm. Read this from the directions which concern "Streifzüge"—

Enterprises of long duration by large bodies of cavalry against the enemy's lines of communication separate them from their principal duties. Such raids are to be undertaken only when cavalry is redundant [i.e., when they have nothing better to do.—"S."]. Attempts on the more distant hostile communications may [my italics—"S."] produce valuable results, but they must not distract the cavalry from its true battle objectives.

The wisecracks who passed those regulations must be kicking themselves at this moment. One of the first authorities on the way to handle modern cavalry, General Freiherr Von Bernhardi, told his own pundits that they were quite wrong: that they had never absorbed the lessons taught by one "Jeb" Stuart, the Southern General in the American Civil War, who taught everyone how by what he did during the Gettysburg operations, and, in fact, that they ought to get their bumps read.

The late F.-M. Lord Ypres, who wrote a foreword to Von Bernhardi's excellent book *Cavalry in War and Peace*, fell into the same error, and backed up the framers of the German "Regulations." But how right was Von Bernhardi, and how right are the clever leaders of the Russian cavalry of to-day.



R.A.F. Wing Home from Russia

R.A.F. pilots who went to Russia in September to help the Russian Air Force to resist the German drive against Murmansk have returned to England after successfully completing their mission. In command of this R.A.F. Wing was Wing Com. Ramsbottom-Isherwood, seen above (centre) with Mr. J. H. Brebner (Press Division, M.O.I.) and Flight Lieut. Griffith, to whom is awarded the D.F.C. for "great leadership and material contributions to the successes obtained by our pilots in Russia."

The Oxford and Cambridge University Women's Squash-Rackets Teams

The Oxford University team scored a great victory over Cambridge, 5-0. L. to r.: V. Forsyth (The Mount, York, and St. Anne's), P. Sale (Howell's School, Denbigh, and Lady Margaret Hall), Rosemary Tyrrell (Royal School, Bath, and St. Hugh's; captain), Mary de Putron (The Beehive, Bexhill, and Somerville; secretary), J. Bisgood (The Old Palace School, Mayfield, and St. Anne's)

The Cambridge University team failed to keep the Inter-University title which they won in 1941. L. to r.: P. Fitt (St. George's, Ascot, and Newnham), H. Ware (St. Leonard's, St. Andrew's, and Newnham), Daphne Portway (Perse School and Newnham; captain), E. Thomas (Godolphin and Girton), M. Martin (High School, Kidderminster, and Newnham)

D. R. Stuart



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Epic

"ANZACS INTO BATTLE," by Tahu Hole (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), is a valuable book at this juncture—partly accounts of heroic fighting, partly analysis of campaigns, partly an outline of the war effort of the two Dominions that the author calls the Democracies of the Pacific.

"The purpose of this book," Mr. Hole says in his foreword, "is not to attempt to present in any way a complete or detailed account of any of the many parts played in the field of battle or at home by the peoples of these Dominions. Within limits necessarily set by such a wide-ranging subject, it aims to do no more than throw into relief a bold outline of the solid contribution to victory made by the Australians and the New Zealanders."

Mr. Tahu Hole has done his work well. His accounts of action could not be more graphic. The conditions, the backgrounds of Crete, Greece, Libya (for in this order he deals with the campaigns) are brought vividly, sometimes almost unbearably, to the senses. In the realm of fact he is admirably and fully documented: as a Dominion newspaper correspondent stationed in London, he has been allowed access to important material. The illustrations with which the book is generously supplied are British, Greek and Australian official photographs.

As I have suggested, *Anzacs Into Battle* divides itself into epic-panoramic and statistical parts. We are shown first the Anzac spirit in its full flower of courage; then we are shown the backgrounds that gave it birth. The effect of the whole is inspiring. In dark days, it is salutary to realise how great the Empire's non-material assets are: we have something undefeatable and immortal in these very bonds of courage and faith. But also, Mr. Hole deals realistically with questions of resources and staying-power. In sheer information—which we in England still need—about Australia and New Zealand, the second half of this book has a sober worth.

Realism

REALISM is, in fact, the note of the book throughout. There is no hint of propaganda in its design; all the same, its sanity and its friendliness make it a prime counteractive to some insidious poisons the Nazis try to inject. In saying that *Anzacs Into Battle* is likely to take its place in war history, I do not think that the publishers claim too much.

One is, in fact, very grateful for the detailed clearness of the day-to-day story of the Crete fighting. And, in the equally full account of the Greek campaign, Mr. Hole has not limited himself to the part played by the Anzacs. His resums have served to give the Anzacs' heroic achievements—even had these, in some cases, to be final stands and imperturbable retreats—their right scale in the general plan of the war.

We need poetry, the poetry of the classics, to give anything like a worthy account of valour; we need poetry in our attempts to measure the greatness, at his great moments, of the spirit of man. And Mr. Hole, for all his iron exactness, his journalistic flair for the quick view, has something of the poet in his nature.

The Anzacs of what he calls this First Total War—true sons of the Anzacs of 1914-1918—have found a worthy chronicler. In happier days, I hope this book will still be read by their sons, and by the sons of the British by whose side they have fought.

English Scene

SAMUEL HIERONYMUS GRIMM, the Swiss poet-painter who came to England, was, by the ruling of critics, a petit maître. As a character he had all the bourgeois virtues; his life was, outwardly, uneventful; his manners were pleasing and good; his habits industrious. He was born at Burgdorf—a smiling, small town in Switzerland, fifteen miles from Berne—in 1733; he died in England in 1794. His life story—collected chiefly from his own notebooks, and from references in the journals and memoirs of more famous people—has been told, and the development of his delicious art traced, by Miss Rotha Mary Clay, in her *Samuel Hieronymus Grimm* (Faber and Faber; 25s.).

Truly Grimm's art was delicious. The 119 plates of his drawings and paintings in this volume open a door into a world at once idyllic and sane. As a poet, he was not to go far—those of his poems Miss Clay gives us have the naïve, if profound, sweetness of an innocent



Elliott & Fry

"Master of the King's Music"

Sir Arnold Bax was recently appointed Master of the King's Music, an office which has been vacant since the death last March of Sir Walford Davies, who followed Sir Edward Elgar. Sir Arnold's appointment is the twenty-first since the office was originally created in 1660. His duties are to advise on music and to compose for special occasions. For the last twenty years Sir Arnold has enjoyed an international reputation as a composer and technical master. He is one of the most imaginative and "bardic" of present day composers

soul—but the smothered poetry in his nature found its way out through his artist's brush and pen. He saw what he saw with the ardour of a visionary, and this vision reached paper. The delight with which he looked at Georgian England, town and country, the instinctive feeling he had for its character, are to be felt in every shadow and line.

Grimm, as the son of a professional family, met some opposition from his relations when he chose to embrace the career of art. The

fact that one of his uncles was a successful art-master did not do much to allay the general mistrust. However, his persistence triumphed, his real, if miniature, genius was recognised; he quite soon found patrons to help him on; friends and travel were to extend his world. Though so discreet and quiet, Grimm was anything but a nonentity; in Paris, in London, at English country houses, he seems to have been welcomed without reserve. He did not marry, and formed few close attachments, so he was free to move about as he willed.

His first commission—a great encouragement to him—was to paint a series of glacier scenes. Of glaciers Grimm felt an exalted and cosmic fear, and he seems to me his least happy in his portraits of them—his glacier drawings lack rhythm; his crags and frozen cataracts are a little like gigantic lumps of sugar. His pencil appears to have lingered most happily on the little foreground groups, in which human figures stand posed in admiration or rest themselves under trees.

Though he loved his own country, it was not—as he was to prove later—the ultimately ideal subject for his art. Or, rather, its domestic-idyllic aspect—orderly little houses, family

(Concluded on page 344)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I OFTEN think that one of the most difficult human problems with

By Richard King

which to cope is the problem of the good-intentioned muddler. With evil one does at any rate know what to do. Those who are always doing the right thing in the wrong way, too early or too late, are invariably clothed in those excuses which to them appear as justifications. Like the higher authorities in wartime, they seem to live in a kind of pained surprise! These appear to imagine that a kindly message of admiration and encouragement to those who are suffering from their procrastination and blindness is a sort of victory, and to discuss plans so that the consequences of their own acts may somehow or other be assuaged, signifies that something, strangely enough, has been won!

Unfortunately, muddle in wartime means loss of human life—if not yours or mine; then perhaps someone whom we hold immeasurably dear. So one sometimes feels, as the wife and children of a spend-thrift man must feel who, as he lies dying—and these people always seem to die at a moment most convenient to themselves—asks forgiveness and whispers: "But the Lord will provide."

It always seems to me that a much wiser adage is the un-Biblical one which runs: "Heaven helps those most generously who help themselves a lot!" Of course, I fully realise that occasionally Heaven does drop some extraordinary blessings—even though it's an even chance they fall on the most unappreciative heads.

Yet, taken as a rule, I think that Divine

Fate, which shapes our ends, infinitely prefers preparedness, hard work, just sufficient selfishness to avoid total self-sacrifice, and in money matters, four-pence, disliking those who refuse to stand firm, who refuse to prepare beforehand, whose ambitions have no method, and who face the future clothed in the glowing apparel of wishful thinking. Only in its pity for these well-intentioned muddlers does it often permit them to come forth easiest from the muddle they have created. For their victims, however, dust is usually their provender.

So no wonder too many of us plan our lives on the assumption that in the nick of time miracles will be performed. In them we put our trust. We are so astonished when the logic of events pursues us relentlessly. After all, even though we did not do very much, we did mean so well!

It seems all wrong, then, that intentions so good should turn out so badly. We relied on so many people and things—except ourselves. We trusted, because trust requires so little pre-vision. Surely we should never be punished for doing nothing before anything happens? Even though we have somehow muddled our texts our intentions were entirely estimable.

We are exasperating—at times beyond endurance—but no one shall say that we have ever been un-Christian. Our copy-books are assuredly without blot or blemish! We belong to the noble army of those who feel themselves to be martyrs. But aren't we Private Enemy Number One?

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Maude — Buller

Major Bruce A. E. Maude, R.E., elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. E. Maude, of The Homing, Bosham, Sussex, married Marjorie Buller, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Buller, of 4, Sterling Gardens, Madras, India, at St. George's Cathedral, Madras



Dennis Moss

Melrose — Fletcher

Lieut. William Gordon Melrose, R.A., eldest son of Mr. C. G. Melrose, and of Mrs. Melrose, of Inglewood, Saundersfoot, married Ann Hinton Fletcher, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Fletcher, of Cold Aston, Gloucestershire, at St. Andrew's Church, Cold Aston



Gibbs — Quiller

Brigadier L. M. Gibbs, C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., Coldstream Guards, of 29, Eaton Square, S.W., and Diana Primrose Quiller, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Quiller, of Suffolk, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Moxon — Walsh

Captain N. A. Moxon, The Gurkha Rifles, only son of Dr. and Mrs. N. Moxon, of The Cedars, Gainsborough, Lincs., and Joan Megan Walsh, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Walsh, of Bombay and Sherborne, Dorset, were married in Bombay



Vanayk

Fay Percival

Fay Percival, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Percival, of Easthouse, Carperby, Yorks., is engaged to Sq.-Ldr. the Rev. Norman G. Dunning, M.A., LL.B., Chaplain to the R.A.F., of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and Rivercourt Church, London



Lloyd — Gordon

Sub-Lieut. Roger Kynaston Lloyd, R.N.V.R., younger son of the late J. E. H. Lloyd, and of Mrs. Lloyd, of Cleavers, Welford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, married Anne Gordon at the Chapel Royal of the Savoy. She is the daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Gordon, of Sydney, Australia



Dempster — Lomax

Lieut. Edward Dempster, R.N.V.R., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dempster, of Windsor, married Mrs. Mary Lomax, at the Church of the Holy Cross, Ramsbury, Wilts. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Woolland, and Mrs. Florence Woolland



Webster — Sawyer

Lieut. Neil McCullum Webster, The Cameronians, son of the late Major A. McCullum Webster, and Mrs. Webster, of Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, and Jocelyn Harcourt Sawyer, daughter of the late Harcourt Sawyer and of Mrs. Sawyer, of 2, Ralston Street, Chelsea, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington



Renshaw — Popkin

Charles Maurice Bine Renshaw, only son of Sir Stephen Renshaw, Bt., of Fransham, Norfolk, and Lady Renshaw, of Instow, married Isabel Popkin, at St. Anselm's Church, Hatch End. She is the younger daughter of the late Rev. J. L. T. Popkin and Mrs. Popkin, of Grey Lodge, Hatch End, Middlesex

SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 329)

Lord and Lady Londonderry were with their younger daughter, Lady Mairi Keppel—their other two daughters are Lady Helen Jessel and Lady Margaret Stewart. Miss Ghislane Dressulhuys, in a little bright red cap, was in a party with Mrs. Ward, formerly Miss Pauline Winn, and Mr. Robert Sweeny.

Mrs. Matthews, wife of the U.S. Minister was there; Miss Blanche Rowe, in a high fur hat; Prince Szevelode of Russia; and Lady Jersey, who lives at Richmond, and has a second house there; Cholmondeley House, which is let to Captain Derek Tangye, whose new book should be out in May.

Having Drinks

BARS still function, and in the special ones special people collect. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge were around, anxious for news of Lord Wharton, who is en route for the East.

Mr. Timothy Tufnell and Mr. Tony Garton were windswept from a journey up from the West in a carrier, a bleak army conveyance. Mr. Francis Stonor was another soldier: he used to be a Civil Servant, but has adapted himself like everyone else. Mr. Charles Birkin, in the Army too, was talking to Lady Stanley; Mr. Lucien Freud was contemplating a return to the Merchant Navy after a bout of painting. Mr. Mark Watson was another inhabitant of khaki, and Squadron Leader Toby Charlton had been talking to Mrs. Rupert Byass, much remembered as Miss Celia Palmer.

Later

PEOPLE's faces float to the surface in the gloom of dancing places like fish coming to the fore in aquariums, and slide back into their corners in the same way.



American Sisters Helping the War Effort

Viscountess Downe and her sister, Mrs. G. Shelley, are daughters of the late Mr. Christian Bahusen, of Passaic, U.S.A. Lady Downe is seen speaking during Scarborough Warship Week, on the Farmer and Country Folk's Day. Mrs. Shelley is with two members of her troop of Scouts and Cubs which she founded and leads. Their headquarters are at Wykeham Abbey, Lord and Lady Downe's Yorkshire home.

Lady Stanley of Alderley, looking cool and pale and smart, was with Captain Charles Harding; Miss Frances Day, in a long, stripy dress with a red belt, was with Captain Profumo; Miss Ann Mackenzie wore a red blouse with big sleeves, and a full black skirt; Miss June Osborne looked very pretty, and had news of Mr. Felix Hope-Nicolson, now in the Army.

—And Later Still

THE latest late Saturday seethed with attractive people, including the new Lady Errington, late Esmé Harmsworth, dancing with her husband, and wearing a frilly white blouse and long black skirt. Also Lady Andrew Cavendish, one of the prodigiously fair and pretty Mitfords, with her husband; Mrs. and Mrs. Clarke—she was Miss Lavinia Shaw-Stewart, and looks like a Romney painting—Mr. and Mrs. Roddy Thesiger, Miss Cecilia Colledge, the skater, with Mr. Michael Dawson, up for a week-end from Wiltshire; Mr. Freddie Shaughnessy, in plain clothes, on leave from the same place; Mr. "Quinny" Gilbey; and Lady Carolyn Howard, looking cute with short curly hair.

Among those fairly recently on the prance were Mr. Donald Colquhoun of Luss, Mr. Russell Rowan, Mr. Bob Kennard and Mr. Bill Agar, to represent the Brigade of Guards; Mr. Christopher Howard, one of three amusing brothers, upholding the winged part of the R.A.F.—he has been on six months' sick leave, and was just returning to duty—Mr. Peter Crabbe, in a kilt, being one of an eightsome reel in the small hours; pretty Miss Betty Havelock, a W.A.A.F. at the Air Ministry; Miss Ursula Steele, and Mr. Charles MacAndrew.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

groups—was to please him more than its stark and towering one. His first last picture, "Winter," a town scene, has the pattern of an older formality, and appears to be under the Flemish influence.

His fancy—always alive in his poet-nature—finds perfect early expression in his "The Enchantress' Cave." Something more than fancy, instinctive dramatic sense, always adds interest to his figures; his people, for all the formal and mannered get-up of their period, are always in a felt relation to nature—as in Wordsworth's poems. They have also the air of having paused, for a moment, in the course of continuous, crowded lives. He is a literary painter, in the admirable sense.

It may be the "story" latent in every picture, suggested even in the lightest and quickest sketch, that makes his work so fascinating to the imagination as well as so delightful to the eye. He could not so fully have interpreted England—the at once bland and mysterious eighteenth-century England he came to—had his perception of this (for him) new country not been mental as much as visual. Paris, the brilliant pre-Revolution Paris in which he spent some time, seems, like the Swiss glaciers, to have slightly overpowered him. But he travelled in rural France—he loved best of all Normandy—and has left a great number of drawings of coasts, river-scenes, groups of houses: a sequence of these fills some pages of Miss Clay's book.

History and Idylls

GRIMM arrived in England in 1768—the year of the first exhibition of the Royal Academy. He was represented in the Academy the following year. The start of the full phase of his development coincided with his arrival on our shores: this was not merely by chance; he had found his true inspiration. To our historical sense of the eighteenth century he has contributed by a number of pictures—for instance, his view of the camp in the gardens outside the British Museum, at the time when the Gordon Riots had raised acute alarm.

His feeling for English architecture expressed itself in drawings of churches, ruins, manors, cottages, village and city streets. To the London and Surrey Thames-side—towing-paths, flats and willows—his art has given a second eternal life. His quick pencil rendered the different rhythms of landscape in the many English counties he travelled through; his poetic feeling for light and shade gives a rounded lushness to hills of woods, a gleam to water, a mysterious vitality to his village scenes. In fact, the spirit of England appears in his compositions, his groups of church, inn, manor-house, cottages, trees.

Grimm may have been said to have shown English artists how to perceive their own country. He played a part in the evolution of our painting; his influence, though gentle, was very wide. I feel that, for many reasons, this book of his drawings and paintings—to which is added Miss Clay's clear exposition, and a catalogue of pictures not reproduced (as well as all details as to the ones that are)—is a possession much to be sought after. Art books of this kind open doors; they stimulate the imagination and rest the, in these days, too-tired thoughts. No lover of England and no lover of painting should ignore the at once accurate and inspired vision of Samuel Hieronymus Grimm.

Hardy

THOMAS HARDY was, as poet and novelist, a sterner, more searching artist than was the painter Grimm. But Hardy, also, re-created in art an England that was to him as familiar as it was strange to the traveller from Switzerland. Hardy's Wessex is, as we know, real: every rock, valley, building in it is to be traced. Through Dorset and the surrounding counties now walk, more powerfully than ghosts, the men and women of Hardy's imagination. In fact, the increasing fame of Hardy's novels started a "Wessex" cult, and the countryside whose spacious silence he valued, was threatened by an invasion of literary tourists.

At his Dorset house, Max Gate, "Squire" Hardy lived quietly, but at the same time like a king. By him, the more fortunate pilgrims were received. His character—to me remainingly enigmatic—is drawn by Mr. Edmund Blunden, and his life-story given, in *Thomas Hardy* (English Men of Letters Series) (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.). Both as critic and as biographer, Mr. Blunden has lived up to his reputation: this book might equally serve as an introduction to Hardy or as an amplification of our enjoyment of him.

Hardy's background is very fully given. The fate—with the public of its own day—of each novel is interestingly discussed. Mr. Blunden also analyses the relation of Hardy's books to our time, distinguishing between their surviving, in fact immortal, greatness, and the "faded pages" from which we may turn away.

Hardy's high place in our literature will not, I think, be challenged. As his stature as an artist increased, he emerged from his first discretion as a popular writer and tried conclusions with public taste. He refused, in fact, any longer to cramp his imagination or sacrifice his sincerity. Consequently, his *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and his *Jude the Obscure* aroused storms—they were found exceedingly shocking, pessimistic, indecent, anti-moral, dreary and crude. To our more hardened taste this must seem absurd—we remain awed, however, by the greatness of the conceptions, the curious beauty and the tragic majesty of the characters.

Hardy turned to the writing of poetry in his later life, when, for a number of reasons—among which hurt feeling and impatience with the public were not least—he abandoned the novel. His prose was sometimes pedantic and self-conscious; his poetry, with its complex and soaring rhythms, offered his spirit and intellect a truer release. His epic drama *The Dynasts*, inspired by local Napoleonic memories, has a very obvious relevance to to-day.



By Appointment



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BY M. E. BROOKE.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION



Nowadays blouses have a double duty to perform—they must be decorative enough for semi-evening wear, and earlier in the day look well at lunch, forming a background for the becoming stoles in which chiffon and fur share honours. The latter is a revival of an old-world accessory. The blouse above is carried out in Celanese Ninon and is arranged with bishop sleeves and ruched waistline. The fabricating medium is transparent and of gossamer-like texture. It is, nevertheless, strong and easily washed. Many of the new models are cut on waistcoat lines, with a drapery which suggests the tails of a man's dress suit. Naturally, the true tailored shirt has no rival for morning wear.

There is no more important occupant of the spring wardrobe than a tweed three-piece. Very practical is the one pictured below from Nicoll's, of Regent Street. It consists of a pleated skirt, a short and long coat. There are interesting buttons and square pockets. Variations on this theme are represented, every type of figure having been considered. The colour schemes are artistic and suggest old English gardens in the spring and summer. As economy has to be considered, it must be mentioned that there are "odd" skirts in light-weight tweeds. They are destined to be seen in alliance with jumpers, twin sets and classic tailored shirts. Neither must the weathercoats be overlooked, as they are admirably cut and tailored.



Pyjamas have passed through many changes. At first they were simple affairs to take the place of the uninteresting long-sleeved nightdress expressed in a cotton material. Then by slow degrees have become glamorous affairs of chiffon, crêpe de Chine and lamé enriched with embroidery. The strenuous life of to-day has effected a change, and in their present form, as illustrated, are regarded with favour by modern women. They may be seen at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, and are of check Esterlaine. As will be noticed, they have a high neck and long sleeves. A feature is here made of wedding outfits for women in the Services. It must be mentioned that every garment wears well and can easily be laundered. Furthermore, for five guineas there are pure wool house-coats.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



Lamé Jumpers for Day or Evening Wear

(LEFT) In dull pink and silver brocade 9 GNS

(RIGHT) In silver and white striped lamé, 6½ GNS

Sunray pleated evening skirt £6 19 6 Short skirt . . 69/6

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THIS anecdote comes from "Peterborough's" admirable column in the *Daily Telegraph*:

A submarine commander recently returned from a Mediterranean patrol reported that he had been mystified by seeing many circular objects floating in the water. At first he thought they were probably mines and took precautions accordingly.

"After I had avoided about forty," he said, "I saw one so close to my periscope that I recognised with relief that it was only a terrapin."

"Now I understand," he added, "what mock turtle means."

MR. ERIC LINKLATER, the well-known novelist, tells this story of his life as a Black Watch private in his autobiography: *The Man on My Back* (Macmillan).

He was digging one day when the commanding officer asked what he was doing.

"Digging a trench, sir."

"My wife," said the C.O. "has a small dog, a Pekingese, that goes out every morning in the garden. And that little Pekingese dog makes a bigger hole than you do."

THE eccentric gentleman walked into a restaurant and sat down at the table.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

The customer shook his head.

"Not a thing," he replied. "I'm not hungry."

The waiter stared.

"Then what is the idea," he grumbled, "of coming in here?"

The customer shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

"It's very simple," he explained. "This is my lunch hour."

WHEN the old lady handed in her order for tinned goods the grocer said: "I shall need your points coupons before I can supply these."

Later on in the day the lady arrived again with a happy smile and handed the grocer a football pool coupon cut from a newspaper.

"I've filled up the points pool and the three draw coupons as well," she said, brightly, "so I'll take an extra tin of salmon."

THE little evacuee who had been scolded for being naughty was saying his evening prayers aloud.

He prayed for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, his uncles and aunts, cousins, the cat and the dog.

When he had finished he rose with dignity and said to his foster-mother: "I suppose you noticed you wasn't in it."

THE singer had just concluded his performance. The applause was perfunctory. "Extraordinary! Remarkable!" loudly exclaimed a member of the audience.

"Pardon me, sir," a puzzled man sitting in the next seat remarked. "You astonish me! I've always claimed some knowledge of the subject, and am of the opinion that the performer's voice is extremely poor."

"Voice?" queried the other. "I wasn't thinking of his voice! I meant his colossal nerve."

HE had just been made the happiest man alive and went into a jeweller's to buy the engagement ring.

He picked up a nice-looking diamond ring, and looked at it.

"What's the price of this one?" he asked.

"That one is one hundred guineas, sir," replied the jeweller, gently.

The young man looked startled and then he whistled.

He pointed to another ring: "And this one?"

"That, sir," said the jeweller, still more gently, "is two whistles!"



"No, no, Ma'am, I said Spam, not scram"

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Incorrectitude

AN infinite capacity for mistaking meanings is the especial genius of the reader of today and that writer was wise who said that it was not enough to state a thing correctly, but that it was even more important so to tighten up the sentences as to exclude false inferences.

In short it is more difficult to restrain people from jumping to wrong conclusions, than to encourage them to jump to right ones. There are enormous numbers of loop-hole seekers at large, whereas the numbers of bungers-up of loop-holes are comparatively few.

For instance, I have expressed myself as clearly as I can on big four-engined bombers, pointing to their limitations. Yet now I find to my horror that my friends are assuming that I have been saying that the big four-engined bombers are "no use."

They have been reading between the lines with such energy that they have failed to read the lines themselves, and have deduced a general condemnation from a particular criticism. Nothing has been further from my thoughts than to condemn the large four-engined bomber. For certain purposes it is of the highest value and the British and American aircraft in this category are extremely fine specimens.

My argument has been concerned with the extent and the nature of the application of the big four-engined bomber; not with the type as a type.

Advance and Retire

ONE comes against the same kind of difficulty of excluding the false inference when dealing with dive bombing. If one advocates it one is accused of not knowing that it is not new. If one condemns it one is accused of obstructing progress.

Actually dive bombing was being done in the war of 1914-18. A distinguished officer of my acquaintance was dive bombing bridges in the second battle of the Marne and I myself was making dive bombing experiments with single-seat fighters in 1918. But like all such things it underwent a series of wave-like advances and retirements.

We had in the R.A.F. some superlatively efficient squadrons of Hawker Hart dive bombers and then we had some of the battle squadrons versed in this

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

form of attack. But when war came we did not use dive bombing nor did we continue to develop it. When I say that I think that was a mistake, I do not want it to be inferred that I am suggesting that dive bombing is "better" than other forms of bombing, or that we ought to have concentrated all our resources on developing it.

Guns

THEN there are "tank-busters," and the carrying of larger guns in aircraft in general. There is nothing new about it. At Orfordness we were experimenting with the Davis gun during the 1914-18 war, and there was also the experiment (with which I personally had nothing to do) with the Coventry Ordnance gun mounted in a D.H. 9.

When we hear of 20-mm. guns in aircraft today it is no new thing. But it is a more complete and successful development of an old idea. And in advocating the full development of the tank-buster, or aerial artillery machine, I am not pretending that I have "invented" anything; merely that I believe in the idea and want to see progress made with it.

Wordage

WE are exhorted to save paper, fuel and everything else; but what of words? Some people curse the daily papers for wasting words, and therefore paper; but what of the official word wasters? What of those who ought to set us a good example, but who do the reverse?

Take this example of official English: "The articles to which this resolution applies are articles of any of the descriptions specified in the table annexed to this resolution to which the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has, by order, applied any act of the present session for giving effect to this resolution."

That is an example and a typical one of the way official scribes help to win the war. All paper control regulations, all cuttings down of periodical sizes, all waste-paper collections are vain when the officials use a hundred words to make obscure what could be said simply in ten.

Official English is the curse of the country and does a great deal more damage to the national effort than is generally recognised. It perplexes for no reason, it worries unnecessarily. When I was looking through some old newspaper files I came across this quotation from the Thames Conservancy Report:

"Only a comparatively small proportion of the public avail themselves of the facilities for boating where any manual exercise is involved, with the result that, in some instances, boat letters who had hoped to let a good number of their boats when the fine weather set in found that they had registered boats in excess of the demand" (fifty-eight words); and the correspondent translated this priceless example of official English into normal English as follows: "Few row or punt, and not so many boats were let as was expected" (fourteen words).

Surely the time has come for a new office of word-master to be created with powers to reduce and to restrict the numbers of words used in official (including legal) documents.

The legal idea is, of course, that by sufficiently tortuous phraseology you can, in the end, exclude those false readings and incorrect inferences I was complaining about at the beginning; but that idea has been proved over and over again in the courts to be without foundation.

Interpretation of the law is always a matter for the courts and the way the courts will jump is a matter for the individuals who compose them. The wording of the law is merely an *instrument* upon which barristers and judges can play their own particular tunes.

So let us cut down official wordage. It is the best way of saving paper. It harms nobody (except the lawyers) and it helps many. What is wanted is not so much a paper controller as a word controller.

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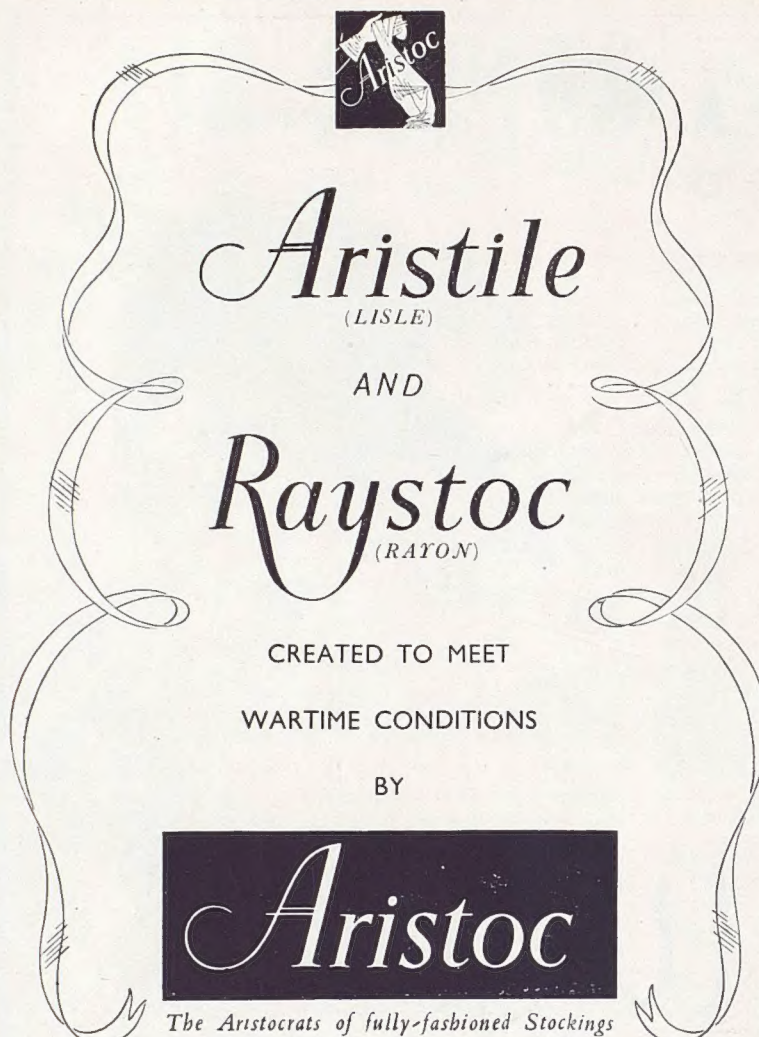
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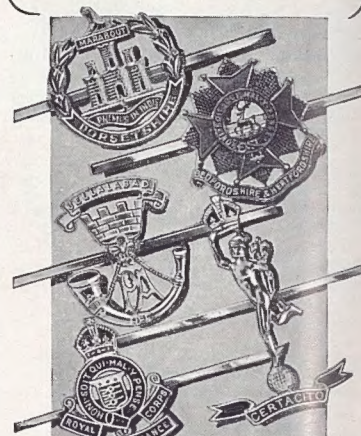
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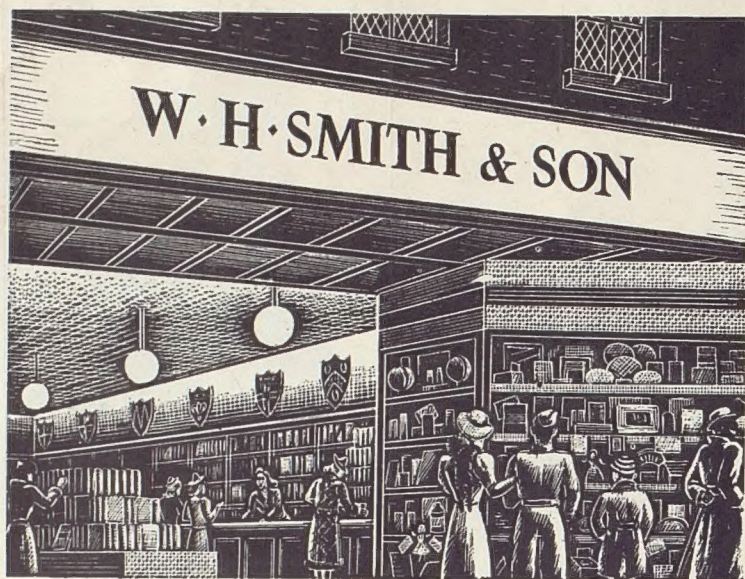


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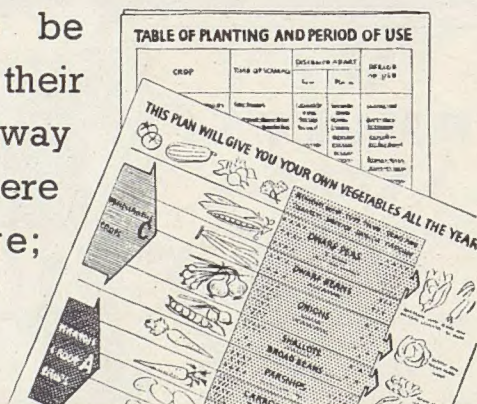
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